

THE LAST REVOLUTIONARY.

BY J. E. DOW.

Oh! where are they—those iron men,
Who braved the battle's storm of fire,
When war's wild halo filled the glen,
And lit each humble village spire;
When hill sent back the sound to hill,
And might was right and law was will?
Oh! where are they, whose manly breasts
Beat back the pride of England's might,
Whose stalwart arms laid low the crests
Of many an old and valiant knight,
When evening came with murderous flame,
And liberty was but a name?

I see them in the distance, form
Like spectres on a misty shore;
Before them rolls the dreadful storm,
And hills send forth their rills of gore;
Around them death with lightning breath
Is twining an immortal wreath?

They conquer! God of glory, thanks!
They conquer! Freedom's banner waves
Above oppression's broken ranks,
And withers o'er her children's grave;
And loud and long the pealing song
Of jubilee is borne along.

'Tis evening, and December's sun
Goes swiftly down behind the wave;
And there I see a grey-haired one,
A special courier to the grave;
He looks around on vale and mound,
Then falls upon his battle-ground.

Beneath him rests the hallowed earth,
Now changed like him and still and cold—
The blood that gave young Freedom birth,
No longer warms the warrior old;
He waves his hand with stern command,
Then dies, the last of glory's band.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SCUDDING UNDER BARE POLLS.

There was a fine old General once, who, having spent most of his life in the field of Mars, knew very little about the camp of Cupid. He was one of those rough and honest spirits, often met with in his gallant profession, in ancient as in modern times, almost every thing save high integrity and indomitable bravery. He was nearly fifty years old, and his toils were over, when master Dan Cupid brought him acquainted with a widow Wadman, in whose eye he began to detect something that made him uneasy. Here was the result of leisure.

During his service in the army he had never seen any thing worthy of peculiar notice in a woman's eye. In fact he would scarcely have observed whether a woman had three eyes in her head or only one; for no matter where his own eyes were, his thoughts were ever among "guns, drums and wounds," and love was a thing that lived in his memory just as he remembered once reading a visionary story book called the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," when a boy.

Well, the General had settled down into an amiable, gentlemanly old fellow, living alone, with comfortable wealth around him, and having little to do save now and then to entertain an old comrade in arms, which companionship afforded opportunity for him to "fight his battles for ever again." But, alas! over this calm evening of the old General's day, a deal of perplexity was doomed to fall, and he soon found himself in troubled waters the depth of which he could by no means understand. He floundered about like a caged rat under a pump, and such another melancholy fish out of water never before swallowed the bait, hook and all, of the angling God of Love. The poor General! We must give him a name, or we can't tell the story, and the best name for such a story, to be found in tale or history, is "Uncle Toby." Poor General Uncle Toby deflected abstractedly in great distraction about his new position, and never had seige or campaign given him such perplexity before.

At length, however, the blunt honesty of his disposition rose uppermost among his conflicting pains and his course was chosen. At school he had once studied "Othello's Defence" to recite at an exhibition, but made a great failure, and he now recollected that there was something in this "Defence" very much like what he wanted to say. He got the book immediately, found the passage, clapped on his hat with a determined air, and posted off to the Widow Wadman with Shakespeare under his arm.

"Madam," said General Uncle Toby, opening his book at the marked place, with the solemnity of a special pleader at the bar—"Madam—

"—Rude am I in my speech,
And little blessed with the soft phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine months wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in the tested field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And therefore—"

Here the general closed the book, wiped his forehead, looked up at the ceiling, and said, with a spasmodic gasp—"I want to get married!"

The widow laughed for five minutes by the watch before she could utter a syllable, and then she said, with precious tears of humor rolling down her good natured cheeks—"And who is it that you want to marry, General?"

"You!" said Uncle Toby, flourishing his sword-arm in the air, and assuming a military attitude of defence, as if he expected an assault from the widow immediately.

"Will you kill me if I marry you?" said the widow, with a merry twinkle in her eye.

"No, madam!" replied Uncle Toby, in a most serious and deprecating tone, as if to assure her that such an idea had never entered his head.

"Well, then, I guess I'll marry you," said the widow.

"Thank you, ma'am," said Uncle Toby;—"but one thing I am bound to tell you of, madam—I wear a wig!"

The widow started, remained silent a moment, and then went off into a longer, louder and merrier laugh than she had indulged in before; at the end of which she drew her

seat nearer the General, gravely laid her hand upon his head, gently lifted his wig off, and placed it upon the table!

General Uncle Toby had never known fear in hot battle, but he now felt a most decisive inclination to run away. The widow laughed again, as though she never would stop, and the General was just about to clap his hat upon his denuded head and bolt, when the facetious lady placed her hand upon his arm and detained him. She then deliberately raised her other hand to her own head, with a sort of military precision, executed a rapid manoeuvre with her fingers, pulled off her whole head of fine, glossy hair, and placed it upon the table beside the General's, remaining seated with ludicrous gravity in front of her accepted lover, quite bald.

As may be expected, Uncle Toby now laughed along with the widow, and they soon grew so merry over the affair, that the maid servant peeped through the keyhole at the noise, and saw the old couple dancing a jig and bobbing their bald pates at each other like a pair of Chinese mandarins. So the two very shortly "laid their heads together" upon the pillow of matrimony, and went hand in hand through life—scudding under bare polls.

SKETCHES OF MEXICO—The Kentucky Rifle.

We have a little book of pencil notes, made recently in Mexico, from which we may, detail an incident or two that will look well in type.

It is pretty well known how unsafe many of the highways of Mexico are rendered by a numerous class of depredators called Rancheros, and we are now in possession of a number of original anecdotes concerning them, which we fancy will read with interest.

Their relation, at any rate, will serve to show how far consanguinity may be traced between the banditti of Spain, the brigands of Italy, the Dick Turpins of merry England and Mexican rancheros.

In the city of Puebla there is now living an old Dutchman who is very fond of relating the story we here introduce. When making his advent in the country, many years since, he happened to travel sole companion of a sturdy Kentuckian in a diligence between two of the large cities. Of course the two travellers soon became familiar, and quite as much a matter of course was that their thoughts and conversation should turn upon the dangers of the road. The Kentuckian, was master of a superb rifle, which seemed to be almost a part of himself as indeed, he paid far more attention to it and handled it with more care, than he ever deemed of bestowing his own person. In the diligence he carried it betwixt his knees muzzle down, and while he rode he would pat and fondle it as tenderly as material dog—would an innocent babe.

The Dutchman's weapon of defence was a double barrel shot gun, which he had carefully loaded on this occasion, and the two very soon agreed to do all the slaughter they could before the outlaws should make with the smallest valuable they had about them. They had no sooner arrived at this conclusion than the driver was commanded to join the compact, and it was arranged that upon the first indication of approaching danger the two travellers should be warned, and the diligence should stop.

This arrangement was scarcely made before it was called into action, and the driver hastily gave notice that eight or ten mounted rancheros were in the road advancing to meet the diligence.

"Stop the horses—give her a lick back stop her!" roared the Kentuckian, as he kicked the door open and jumped into the road.

The Dutchman was hardly second in the movement, being upon the opposite side with simultaneous rapidity. At about two hundred and fifty yards distance, three of the foremost robbers were advancing abreast. It was upon the most lonely and desolate part of the road between Puebla and the city of Mexico and in the misty dawn of morning. The Kentuckian and the Dutchman placed themselves side by side in front of the diligence, each with the indomitable determination to fight until the last breath in defence of their rights. The Dutchman, however, was much puzzled at seeing his comrade in arms elevate his rifle perpendicularly in the air, and slowly let the muzzle fall in drawing a deliberate aim at the advancing horsemen.

"Mein Gott!—ton't waste the powder!" said the Dutchman—"Wat are you for going to fire!"

"Let me just level old Kentuck," replied the Kentuckian—"keep cool, and I'll pick out that middle chap in a minute!"

"Mine Gott, man," said the Dutchman, "wy it ish more fard er off dan von mile!"

The old Dutchman made no allowance for the uncertain light of early dawn, but the Kentuckian knew every shade of the sky from morning till midnight, and this time he was as sure of his shot as though the ranchero had already fallen from his horse.

"If you kill de raschal at such much distance said the Dutchman, "you vill only waste de pullet."

But the Kentuckian had got his aim, and just as the Dutchman had ceased speaking, "Old Kentuck" politely spoke up and sent the middle robber tumbling from his saddle. The eyes of the Dutchman expanded with astonishment at the effect of the Kentuckian's shot, and broken expressions of extravagant surprise issued from his lips.

The old hunter said nothing; but quietly loaded his rifle again, and with a pleasant gravity, lifted it to his shoulder. In the mean time the rancheros made off with most indefatigable expedition at the first broad hint of powder and shot.

"Are there any of them in sight," said the Kentuckian, as he coolly let the muzzle of his rifle fall again in search of a victim.

This question was answered by the driver, who announced that the robbers were out of sight far enough, but whether or not they were out of reach of that rifle, he could not venture to say!

The Kentuckian has travelled away, heaven knows where, since the adventure we speak of, but the honest Dutchman is living now in the city of Puebla, and swears, even to this day, that the distance at which the Kentucky man killed the robber, "was positively so more as a mile."

In a lecture recently delivered by Professor Maiffit, the following beautiful apostrophe to water was introduced:

The strength of rum! give me only the pale water, which nature brews down in the bright crystal alembics of her cloud-crowned mountains. Give me, when I would assail with strained nerves and the arduous outlay of bones and sinews some amount of opposition, reared full and impassable in my path, give me only that pure flow which followed the stroke of the Prophet's rod;—give me that gush cool and clear that bubbled up before Hagar and Ishmael in the desert. Give me only that fluid which trickles down the bright sides of our own American mountains, gathers to rills in the woody uplands, then rolls into broad, beautiful, transparent rivers, spreads into lakes, the mirrors to reflect all that is dark or soft, or bright or deep in the unfathomable firmament, above. Give me these chrysal streams, these cool, fever allaying waves, in health or sickness when the thirst of the last fatal fever shall assail my vitals; give me these waters, untortured and free, until that moment when I shall drink the waters of eternal life!

THE OLDEST REPUBLIC ON EARTH.

The American Quarterly Review contains a letter from G. W. Ewing, Esq. giving a sketch of his visit to San Marino, a small republic in Italy, between the Apennines and Po, and the Adriatic. The territory of this State is only 40 miles in circumference, and its population about 7000. The Republic was founded more than 1400 years ago, on moral principles, industry and equality, and has preserved its liberty and independence amidst all the wars and discords which have raged around it. Bonaparte respected it, and sent an embassy to express his sentiments of friendship and fraternity! It is governed by a Captain Regent, chosen every six months by the representatives of the people, 66 in number, who are chosen every six months by the people.

We inserted in our paper yesterday an article from the Southern, relative to a decision of the Supreme Court, that the testamentary guardian of minor heirs is not entitled to the custody of the persons of his wards, in preference to the superior rights of the mother. The editor of that paper says that this decision is manifestly violative of well settled legal principles and respectable precedents, and that he is sustained in his opinion by Judge Sharkey. We have a high opinion of Judge S. as well as Mr. Johnson, but beg leave to differ with these gentlemen in the case before us. We are unacquainted with legal principles and respectable precedents. But if they sanction the right of the father after death over the person of the child, they are in violation of the rights for which our fathers fought and which they established by the revolution. There was no principle more clearly established by the heroes of '76, than that no man had a right to govern either morally legally or politically after death. If the children of deceased parents were slaves, hogs, cattle or sheep, then they might be willed to the guardianship or government of the grand Turk or chief of the Bedouins. But as this is not the case, we think the Supreme Court acted in accordance with the principles of republicanism as well as humanity in giving a preference to the wishes of the living mother over those of the dead father. The mother is the natural guardian of the child in the event of the death of the father, and we cannot believe in any law that allows a man to transfer his right of legal government, except it be property in which he has a fee simple title, to those that live after him. The living mother and child have the right of selecting the manner in which the latter shall be governed and not the dead father.—*Nat. Free-trader.*

CONGRESS.

Mr. Stanley was entitled to the floor and addressed the Committee in vindication of the course of the committee on public expenditures in procuring the publication of the documents which embodied the Report of Mr. Poindexter. Mr. Wise first replied to Mr. Poindexter, and then to Mr. Stanley, who addressed the Committee some days since.

Mr. Wise had spoken of the Committee as dogging the Secretary of the Treasury to get the Report from him.

Mr. Stanley, in reply, referred to the memorable Investigating Committee in the case of Reuben M. Whitney. The scene which took place in the Committee room was called up, where Mr. Whitney was threatened as well as dogged by one of the Committee.

Mr. Wise rose and asked if the remarks of the gentleman were intended to apply to him.

Mr. Stanley said, my remarks are in reply to that of the gentleman from Virginia, that the Committee on Public Expenditures were dogging the Secretary of the Treasury.

Mr. Wise wished to know, after a word or two of explanation; if the remarks of the gentleman from North Carolina were meant for him or some other one of the Committee.

Mr. Stanley—I mean the gentleman from Virginia personally.

Mr. Wise—This was just such a remark as I expected from a coward!

Mr. Stanley.—The gentleman shall not escape so easily. I meant him, and knew my man. I referred to a scene which took place in the committee room, when the gentleman from Virginia threatened Reuben M. Whitney with the loss of his life if he had moved. Whether I am a coward or not my seat here will show.—(referring to the encounter between Mr. Wise and Mr. Stanley in the Extra Session, when Mr. Wise came to the seat of Mr. S.)—Mr. Stanley repeated that he knew his man—that he had long known him.

For himself he was not born yesterday. The gentleman from Va. could find out whether he was a coward or not. He had but to try and see.

Much more was said, but nothing more personal than what I have quoted. I have given but the spirit of the remarks and do not pretend to accuracy.—*Balt. Amer.*

POLITICAL.

From the Union Democrat.

Review of the measures adopted or proposed at the Extra Session of Congress, and still sustained by the Whig Party.

RETALIATORY TARIFFS.

A Retaliatory tariff is a high impost duty laid on the products of or manufactures of a foreign country in retaliation for such duties laid by that country on our products and manufactures. The professed object generally is, by thus injuring her market to compel that country to reduce her duties in order that her people may be able to purchase more of our products and manufactures or give better prices for them. In reference to such a tariff, there are several points which it is the duty of the legislator well to consider.

First. In what manner does a retaliatory tariff reach, so as to injure, the market of a foreign nation? Obviously, by impairing the ability of our own people to purchase her products and manufactures. If by a heavy duty the prices of those articles be doubled in our market, our people will have the means to purchase, as a general principle, only half as much as he did before. One half the money paid for the necessary comfort or luxury imported from that country, is now taken by our own government and put into the treasury. The consequence is that they get only half as much for their money as they formerly did, and one-half the fruits of their industry expended for those articles, is taken from them altogether.

The first effect, therefore, falls and falls heavily on our own people. The effect upon foreigners is secondary and consequential only. It may be serious or trifling, as it is influenced by other considerations. If our country be their only market for the articles thus highly taxed, one half the demand will be cut off, and the effect will be serious upon that particular interest. If their market be as extensive as the commercial world, the loss of half in our country will have but a slight effect, if any at all. And if driven measurably out of our market, they have energy and ability to make or find a new one to the same extent, and our retaliation will not be felt at all.

One thing is certain: The injurious effects of a retaliatory tariff fall first and inevitably on our own people. Whether they fall heavily or lightly, or not at all, on the country intended to be injured, is a matter which can be determined only by the circumstances of the case.

Secondly. Can we by legislation injure the market of a foreign country without ultimate injury to our own? How do our people pay for what they buy abroad? Obviously, in their own produce and manufactures. Our country produces but little gold and silver. We purchase those articles as we do all others, by the products of our own industry, agricultural, manufacturing and commercial, aided somewhat by the fisheries and the chase. France, England, and the principal countries with which we deal, are similarly situated. Our trade with them is but a mutual exchange of produce and manufactures, into which gold and silver sometimes enter to adjust balances.

Nothing is more obvious than that any measure which impairs the ability of France or England to buy of our people, impairs in an equal degree the market for our produce and manufactures in those countries.

The first step of a Retaliatory Tariff is to make our people pay a double price for French and English produce and manufactures. Of course they are able to buy but one half the usual quantity. As they can sell us but half as much as usual, they are able to buy but half as much of our products and manufactures in return.

The result is, that a Retaliatory Tariff impairs our own market as much as it does that of the country at which it is aimed. We lay this down as a certain general result, somewhat varied one way or the other by peculiar circumstances.

Now let us strike the balance of profit and loss produced to our people by a retaliatory tariff. Our people buy of England we will say, a million of yards of broad cloth at \$3 per yard, costing \$3,000,000. But because she will not permit her people to buy our flour and other produce except at a high price, Congress lays a retaliatory duty on broad cloth, which makes it cost \$6 per yard. The \$3,000,000 which formerly bought a million of yards, will now buy but half a million, and the English lose their market to the amount of \$1,500,000. In losing their market they lose their ability to purchase of us in an equal degree, so that the market for our products is also impaired to the extent of \$1,500,000.

The people lose the whole amount of the retaliatory duty paid into the Treasury.

They lose their market to the extent of \$1,500,000

Total loss to our people, \$3,000,000

The English lose their market to the extent of \$1,500,000

Balance of loss against our people, \$1,500,000

In its nature, the effects of such a measure are not ascertainable with mathematical precision, and we present the foregoing only to illustrate the general result. That in most cases retaliatory tariffs produce more injury to the country which imposes them, than to those on which they are intended to operate, we have not the least doubt. They are suicidal in the highest degree, and can only be useful as a temporary expedient, and under circumstances which bring the foreign nation peculiarly within the reach of our legislation. Nine times out ten, they do unqualified mischief, producing no other effect but to provoke a blind retaliation on the other side.

Who profits by this system? Not the PEOPLE of either of the two countries—No body but the dependents of government—none but those who live by taxation upon the labor of the people. The philosophic statesman will look upon high tariffs in foreign countries as he does upon natural obstructions to the trade of his own, to be removed if they can be without too much cost, and to be submitted to if they cannot. He would think it no remedy for bars in the mouths of the rivers of Europe, Asia, and Africa, to throw bars in the mouths of our own; yet that mode of redress would be

just as rational as a retaliatory tariff, where there is no well grounded hope of compelling foreign countries to recede from their impositions. If by throwing bars into our rivers, we can induce them to dig out the bars in theirs, it may be expedient to inflict this certain injury on our own trade; if not, it is in the highest degree foolish and fatal. It is passion, resentment, revenge, which induces rulers to resort to this species of retaliation, and the unhappy governed are its victims. It is indeed a WAR ON MANKIND, next in its evils to that in which the rulers of one nation lead forth its people to plunder, maim, and kill the people of another. It is a contest in which both parties are sure to incur certain injury without any certain good to either. It rests on war principles for its justification, and generally results as war does, in unqualified mischief to both nations.

Let us dismiss this spirit of revenge. Let us trade wherever and however nature or man will permit. Let us seek relief in christian forbearance and the progress of the truth, resting in the faith that no nation can injure the trade of another so agricultural and consequently so independent as the United States, WITHOUT DOING A GREATER INJURY TO THEIR OWN.

A wide vista opens here which we may hereafter explore.

WHIG PRINCIPLES. The True Whig says:

"Have the whigs lost all faith in their principles? If they have, let them disband and give up. If not, let them stick to them."

Why, neighbor, don't you perceive that all the troubles of whiggism arise from attempting to "stick to their principles?"—Henry Clay sticks to his, and John Tyler sticks to his; but as they are on some points perfect antipodes, the whig party, between the two, sticks in the mud. Whig principles are fit only to electioneer by; they won't do to govern by.—*Union Democrat.*

RHODE ISLAND.

This is the day fixed upon for the organization of the New Government. That it will be organized, and that without bloodshed, we have but little doubt. Although the Whig papers, with almost entire unanimity, take sides against the people, the time has not come when they DARE to shed freemen's blood, in attempting to subvert the doctrines of the Revolution, as laid down in the Declaration of Independence. Nor DARE the authorities at Washington to sustain by arms the Royal Party, which are now attempting to retain the power which a majority of the People have determined shall be wrested from them. No; the time has not come for such DARING as THAT!

There are signs of flinching in the Royal Party. Governor King suddenly called the Old Legislature together on Monday last, and sent in a war message. Resolutions were introduced to authorize the Governor to accept the services of volunteers, to remove public property, to recall arms or cannon which may have been loaned out, to fill vacancies in militia officers, and to appoint a council for the Governor. The resolution for raising volunteers was laid on the table, and the rest adopted. A proposition was then made to call a new Convention, conceding the right of suffrage to all citizens over 21 years of age, &c., in the choice of delegates; but this was laid on the table. After passing a couple of general acts in reference to the organization of volunteer companies, they adjourned on Wednesday.

In our opinion, the only hope of the Royal Party was in organizing an army of voluntary cutthroats, a large majority of the militia and volunteer companies being on the other side. We look upon the rejection of the resolution to raise a force of that sort as a significant sign that the Royal Party, though prepared upon any other point, cannot be brought up to the point of the bayonet. No; the new Constitution will be put in operation, and that without war.

We hope one of the first steps of the New Government will be, formally and officially to inform President Tyler of the organization of the New Government. We shall see whether he will unite with the minority to change the Government by the sword.

We are glad to see, that a great meeting has been held in New York, at which that distinguished Democrat, Aaron Vanderpool, presided, to sustain and cheer the Democracy of Rhode Island in their struggle for Liberty. Mr. Vanderpool laid down the true Democratic principle with irresistible clearness and force, and was sustained by Mr. Davezac and others.

Resolutions were adopted, embodying these principles, and strongly condemning the course pursued by the President.

[Union Democrat.]

The points in negotiation between Lord Ashburton and Mr. Webster, are:

1. The North Eastern boundary.
2. The North Western boundary.
3. The Caroline affair.
4. The right of search to prevent the slave trade.
5. The Creole business.
6. The fisheries in the North East.

By the treaties of 1818 and 1827, the country west of the Rocky Mountains was left free and open to the subjects of Great Britain and the citizens of the United States. In 1837 those treaties expired by limitations.

On the 22d of May 1842, a treaty with Great Britain, establishing a limited and mutual right of visit, search, detention, capture and adjudication of vessels concerned in the slave trade in those seas where it was prosecuted, was ratified by the U. S. Senate. The British King refused to ratify it, because the right of search did not extend to the coast of America, and there the subject dropped.

In regard to the slaves of the Creole and other vessels included in the category, the British Government, heretofore has invariably held to the position, that it would not grant any indemnification in such cases, where they occurred, since the act emancipating her West India slaves.

The disposition of Great Britain in regard to the North Eastern boundary question and the Fisheries, is too well known to need repetition.

To settle all these points amicably, and none will be settled unless all are, Great Britain must yield to the American view of the questions involved. Will she?—N. O. Advertiser.

AGRICULTURAL.

From the Ten. Agriculturalist.

THE COTTON LOUSE.

Gentlemen: In your last number, I notice a short communication from "A Patron," who hails from my own neighborhood.

I would be most happy (if able) to answer his inquiries relative to the insect (so destructive to the cotton plant) and the cut worm, but am not in possession of positive knowledge sufficient to give satisfaction.—Yet to some of his inquiries I can give negative information.

The cotton louse, as he terms it, is not the product of the lady bug. Those plants on which the bug preys are never found covered with the insect in any of its stages of existence yet known, resemble in the smallest degree the lady bug. Nor are they the product of the red ant. The ant is to be found both before the insect appears on the cotton, and after it is gone. The ant is found abundantly on the cotton while the insect is upon it, but evidently preying on them. The ant is also found in great abundance where there is neither cotton nor insect. I have never seen an insect on any other plant identical with that which so often blasts the finest prospects of the planter.

The cut worm is not produced by manuring with cotton seed. And the supposition that the green fly deposited an egg that hatched a cut worm, implies an ignorance of the history of that fly greater than I supposed belonged to any one, that had arrived at the age or consequence of a cotton planter. Profane! attracted the green fly and the product of his visit was something very different from a cut worm.

Cotton seed is a valuable and quick manure, not liable to produce more insects than any other manure of a character injurious to vegetables. But it may be used more advantageously than by applying it directly to such a purpose. It is excellent food for cattle. Sheep and cows go through the winter on it with but very little else. Hogs will keep fat on this seed, although it is the opinion of many that it will kill them.

Old seed are better to feed with than fresh ones, the latter being apt to purge cows that eat heartily of them. Hogs however eat them, not only with impunity, but advantage, in any condition, and at any time.

Let me say a word or two about thumps in pigs. I say in pigs, for old hogs but seldom have the disease. A thousand cotton planters will assert that eating cotton seed produces it; as many Kentuckians will aver that it is caused by burrs, while the man that feeds in the suburbs of a city or town, where there is neither bur nor seed, will assure you that it is caused from overeating, a hearty drink of slop, a full meal of highly seasoned bread crust, &c. sleeping in wet straw and snuffing dust, &c. have all been assigned as causes of this formidable disease among small swine. The last cause (snuffing dust,) is, I believe, Mr. Editor, a simple conceit of your own.

I have been a pig feeder ever since I was big enough to shell an ear of corn—have fed them on the dust and in the mud—had them sleep on wet shucks, and dry straw, under covers and in the open woods, where they fed on acorns and such other food as they could procure; where neither ate slops, burrs or cotton seed, and have found them afflicted pretty much alike with thumps, in every situation. I regard it as a contagious disease among pigs—as hooping cough among children. All your pigs are, more or less, affected about the same time. Those that do not thump, cough badly. Pigs in high condition are the greatest sufferers.

Very Respectfully,
Green Bottom, Ten. 1842.

TO MAKE WHITEWASH.—Half a bushel of unslaked lime—slake it with boiling water, covered during the process. Strain it, and add a peck of salt, dissolved in warm water; three pounds of ground rice, boiled to a thin paste, put in boiling hot; half a pound of powdered Spanish whiting; and a pound of clear glue dissolved in warm water. Mix, and let it stand several days. Let it be put on with a painter's or whitewash brush, as hot as possible.

ANOTHER MODE.—Make whitewash in the usual way, except that the water used should have two double handfuls of salt dissolved in each pailful of the hot water used. Then stir in a double handful of fine sand, to make it thick like cream. Put on hot. Coloring matter can be added to suit the fancy.

There is no question that the produce of hemp this year will very greatly exceed the demand in the cotton region. We are safe in affirming that the number of acres sowed down is forty per cent. more than were sowed last year. The spring has been remarkably favorable, and some fields are already completely shaded by the hemp; and, therefore, nearly out of danger of being injured by drought. We must again insist upon the necessity of water rotting a great portion of the crop. If half a water-rotted, hemp will bear a very high price next year; but if no more is water rotted than was last year, it will hardly be worth taking to market. The water rotting process is simple, and there can be no excuse for not attending to this matter.—*Lou. Journal.*

THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD. Two children of the name of Meggher, the oldest not over six years old, strayed from the residence of their parents, into the woods, about four miles from the town of Dartmouth, Nova Scotia, on the afternoon of the 11th inst. Several persons started in pursuit, but they all returned without success. On Sunday the 17th a large number again went in pursuit, and after proceeding about six miles from the house of the parents, through the woods, their attention was arrested by the barking of a dog of one of their party, when they were both found dead, locked in each other's arms. From the appearance of their limbs, they must have suffered dreadfully. The father and mother were both lying sick at the time.